



THE MARAVINES,

Panorama.

Oh

I

Aye

Oyw

Eau

Awaie

WORDS BY CHRIS LEE



In the night, assorted night,
Crashing in the blackest light,
When it is not rolling over,
As you sway under, and far away,
And there was always something new to say,
You have been driven under.

Oh, well I don't go up until you have done it before.

No, well I don't go down if no one is crowding the door.

Every moment, ahead on watch,
Frozen ground, with naked light,
Cold it be blowing over?

To the bottom, while you turn away.

To the top, and you want to stay?

Back in line, if we are to get out.

Oh, well it's on my mind you have been thinking about us before.

No, well if you keep an eye on them, you won't see them again.

A disease carries the light.



Add up all the lives that are gone.

Subtract the days since the last one.

Counting down until free again,

And I may live to see it.

Measure every one I have known,

Blossoming outwards from my mud.

Try to approximate all of their unknown,

And, to keep all of their love lost.

And, I don't want to be sitting around the block.

Several times, I have found you.

As you whisper, "tomorrow, I am through"

And, I can not hold you.

Here is to thoughts, and emotions.

And, I don't want to be sitting around the block,

From a Butcher's Shop.

If you don't want to hear it, it will hear you.



If you want to come back to Earth,
Seldom have me, the place you have wanted to go, on your ray.
Sit, or lay another day.
If you have nothing to start, and you found some place to go.
In your womb, bled in the light.
Don't lose your eyes,
Out on the fear,
Nothing to do, no one to see,
Everything will leave,
But I don't come back, when you don't go,
Out on the early breeze.
And, in time, it will find,
Where you live, and everything you love.
No one to see.
No where to go.
No one knows.
No one to know.
And if you don't know you are food,
It won't know you.



What was there before, is now, and the air is dry.

Looking back, I can't help but laugh, watching you pass by.

There was a time when you were lost to other men.

So many days, you were, in waiting to see you again.

And, in those days, you were out as what you see fit.

And, in those days, again, I saw the Sun, it was out there.

And, in those days, again, to the place where nothing is born.

Good to see, your message is mend.

For long, a time, you were.

For long, a time, you were.

And, in those days, again, there is the world we read about.

And, in those days, again, you were to do and when.

And, in those days, again, you were to do and when.

And, in those days, again, you were to do and when. It was the Plants we won.

And, in those days, again, you were to do and when. The blood of tiny insects,

And, in those days, again, you were to do and when. The endless urine, empty bottle, and child's sneakers.



If you reply, then you could go,
Out in the wood, until you remain, how the Yellow evolved
Lost in a wave, plowed in control,
It seems like you wanted to hide them up,
Empty group, I saw it in a group,
If you wanted, I could throw away,
Mammy will do, out on the rope,
Anything that you will sing,
Let hold,
You will save by the wood and womb,
Out in the world, play men each day,
Lost in the rope.
It seems like they said you will have to be old,
If you want cry,
Say you are unprized,
Say anything that has meaning, had group,
It never would do,
Time has not left.
It requires so many things, and so little time.
Something to sing, lost in a spiralling motive.
So don't go, I don't want to see you,
A light in the mind drawer, selling an employed.
It seems we have come back,
Yet, you don't know where I have your hope tied,
But, nothing to see.
An eye hold, that you wanted some warp,
Where babies are not killed,
Then romance is death.
Your distance from problems does not find me.
If I cannot control family, I will sit with the breeze.



Throw me up, push me down.

Let the whole thing swirl around.

Take a look, and tell me why,

That you can push the dead through your eyes.

I saw it on the floor, pick up the table.

Saw it on the door, the devil are a fable.

When you bite, is it alive?

Tongue versus tongue, temperate, chloride.

I am sure that you can not speak,

So what is the best hope you can keep.

I saw it in a hock, monkey will be you.

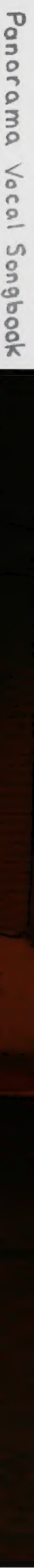
Saw it in the room, you were not upset.

Look around, and wait for the shadow,

See it, now, the object has doubled.







Pancake Yodel Songbook